

DOCTOR
Merry-man:

OR,
Nothing but Mirth.

Written by S. R. K.



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Doctor Merry-man.

or, Nothing but Mirth.

A Citizen for recreation sake,
To see the Country would a Journey take
Some dozen milc or very little more ;
Taking his leaue of Friends two months before,
With drinking Healths, and shaking by the hand,
As he that trauel'd to some new found Land :
Well, taking Horse with very much adoe,
London he leaueth for a day or two ;
And as he rideth, meets vpon the way
Such as (what hast souuer) bid men stay :
Sirra (sayes one) stand, and your Purse deliuere,
I am a taker, thou must be a giuer.
Vnto a Wood hard by they hale him in,
And rifle him vnto his very skin.
Maisters (quoth he) pray heare me ere you goe,
For you haue rob'd more now, then you doe know :
My Horse (in troth) I borrowed of my Brother.
The Bridle and the Saddle of a nother :
The Ierkyn and the Bases be a Taylors,
The Scarfe (I doe assure you) is a Sailors :
The Falling-band is likewise none of mine,
Nor Cuffes, as true as this good light doth shine :
The Sattin Doublet, and Rayz'd-veluet Hose,
Are our Church-wardens, all the Parish knowes.
The Bootes are *Johns* the Grocor at the Swan ;
The Spurs were lent me by a Seruving-man :
One of my Rings(that with the greatred Stone)

In sooth I borrowed of my Gossip *Tone* ;
Her Husband knowes not of it, Gentlemen :
Thus stands my case, I pray shew fauour then.
Why (quoth the Theeues) thou needs not greatly care,
Since in thy losse, so many beares a share :
The world growes hard, many good fellowes slacke,
Looke not at this time, for a penny backe :
Goe tell at *London*, thou didst meeete with soure,
That rifling thee, haue rob'd at least a score.

Two Beggers did encounter on the way,
That had not scene each other many a day :
Nor met to gathur at the Hedge (*Bogues Hall*)
As perfe^t & lowzy as they both could crawle :
Each had a Hant, and Night-cap for the cold,
And Cloakes with patches full as they could hold :
Great Satchell Scrips that shut with Leather flaps,
And each a Dogge to eat his Maisters scraps.
Their Shooes were Hobnaile proo^fe, soundly be pegg'd.
Wrapt well with Clouts, to keepe them warmer legg'd.
Sayes one to th' other, come, hang care, let's drinke,
Our trade is better then a number thinke ;
For I, my Wife, and *Jacke*, ply vp and downe,
To make our e^rry day worth halfe a Crowne :
Most Townes in *Flaunders* I haue learnd to name,
And am a poore distressed Souldier lame :
And sometimes I their Charities desire,
Like one hath lost all that he had by fire.
Fire (quoth the other) come along mad knaue !
Let's goe where we some watring place may haue,
Where's the best Beere, to giue a man content ?

I haue

Nothing but Mirth.

I haue a penny that was never spent,
And twenty Slaves, I Gentlemen did name;
Before I could be maister of the same :
To many an Ass I doe the Worship giue,
With Lord preserue your goodnesse while you liue :
Now Iesus prosper you by sea and land,
And blesse you Master, all you take in hand,
God keepe your limbes, and Lord increase your store,
I eat no Bread to day, (but drinke the more,)
For Christ his sake make this same up a Penny.
Thus doe I angle Siluer out of many,
I, when I haue it for my speaking faire,
If he were hang'd that gaue it, I were care.
The other Begger laught, and did reble,
Roger, of that lame humor right am I,
I can affoord good speach as well as thou,
And vnto any Knaue such words allow ;
I will not want that, till my tongue doe sayle :
But prethee come, let vs goe find the Ale,
I am as dry as euer was March-dust,
And heer's r Groat I meane to spend it iu :
Well sayd old Tom, (sayes th'other,) if thou doe
My Groat shall goe, and my Tobacco too.
Although a Beggers credit be not great,
We will be Gentlemen in our conceit,
I think me selfe as good a man each way,
As he that goes in Veluet ery day.
Weele spend a Crowne, and drinke carowfer round,
Before some Churles are worth ten thousand pound :
Ther's nothing but a paire of Stockes we feare :
Ile bring thee to a cup of tickling gear,

A Mony-monger choysē of Suerties had,
A Country fellow plaine in Russet clad ;
His Doublet Mutton-taffaty, Sheepes-skins,
His Sleeues at hand button'd with two good Pins ;
Upon his head a filthy greasie Hatte,
That had a hole eate through by some Rattē :
A Leather Pouch that with a Snap-hance shut,
Two hundred Hob-nayles in his shooes were put ;
The Stockings that his clownish Legges did fit,
Were Kersie to the Calfe, and t'other knit ;
And (at a word) th'apparrell that he wore,
Was not worth twelve-pence sold at, *Who gives more?*
The other Suerty of an other stusse,
His necke inuiron'd with a double Ruffe,
Made Lawne and Cambricke ; both such common ware,
His doublet set, had Falling-band to spare ;
His fashion new, with last edition stoo'd :
His Rapier hilts imbrew'd in Golden blood :
And these same trappings made him seeme one sound,
To passe his credit for an hundred pound ;
So was accepted, Russet-coat denay'd.
But when time came the Money shoule be payde,
And Mounsier Vsurer did haunt him out,
Strange alterations strooke his heart in doubt :
For in the Counter he was come to dwell,
And Brokers had his painted Cloathes to sell.
The Vsurer then further vnderstands,
The Clowne (refus'd) was rich, and had good Lands ;
Ready (through rage) to hang himselfe, he swore,
That silken Knaues shoule cozen him no more.

A wealthy

Nothing but Mirth.

A Wealthy Misers sonne, vpon a day,
Met a poore Youth, that did intreat and pray
Some thing of charity in his distresse ;
Help Sir (quoth he) one that is Fatherlesse.
Sirra (said he) away, begone with speed,
Ile helpe none such, thou art a knaue indeed :
Dost thou complaine because thou wants a Father ?
Were it my case, I would reioyce the rather :
For if thy Fathers death cause thee repine,
I would my Father had excused thine.

A Country fellow had a Dreame,
Which did his minde amaze,
That starting vp, he wakes his wife,
And thus to her he sayes.
Oh woman rise, and helpe your Goose,
For eu'en the best we haue,
Is presently at poynt to die,
Vnlesse her life you sau'e :
On either side of her I see
A hungry Fox doth sit,
But stayng vpon curtesy,
Who shall begin first bit.
Husband (quoth she) if this be all,
I can your Dreame expound,
The perfect meaning of the same,
Instantly haue found.
The Goose betweene two Foxes plac'd,
Which in your sleepe you saw,
Is you your selfe, that proue a Goose

Doctor Merry-man: or

In going still to Law.

No either side a Lawyer comes,
And they doe Feathers pull,
That is in the end, you will be left
A bare and naked Gull.

Wife, in good troth (quoth he) I thinkes,
Thou art iust in theright;
My Purse can witnesse to my griefe,
They doe begin to bite:
I doe resolute a nother course,
And much commend thy wit;
Ile leaue the Gooses part for them,
That haue a minde to it:
And if thou euer finde that I
To Lawing humors fall,
Let me be hang'd at Westminster:
(Wife) Ile forlaikethe Hall.

A N idle fellow that would take no paine,
Looking that others shoulde his state maintaine,
Was sharpe reproved by an honest friend,
Who told him man was mad to other end
Then onely eate, and sleepe, and play.
To whome the lisy creature thus did say,
Sir, I doe neare intend to labour much,
Because I see the bad reward of such
As take most paines: Horses that labour great,
Are taft in Ditches for the Dogges to eate,

A certaine

Nothing but Mirth.

A Crafty kinde of knauish Foole,
(Whereof there plenty be.)
Did breake his Maisters Looking-glass,
And swore it was not he :
His Maister did examine him,
Demaunding who it was ?
Sir, if you will be content (quoth he)
Ile tell who broke the Glasse :
With that he brought him in the Hall,
To Fortunes Picture there,
Saying, Sir, t'was Fortune did the deed,
She ought the the blame to beare.
His Maister tooke a Cudgell,
And belabour'd him withall ;
Who crying out for mercy, downe
Before his feet did fall.
Nay (quoth his Maister) tis not I,
To Fortune you must speake,
For euen she that cudgels you,
The Glasse before did breake.

A Sort of Clownes for losse which they sustain'd
By Souldiers, to the Captaine sore complain'd
With dolefull words, and very wofull faces,
They mou'd him to compasstone their cases :
Good sir, (sayes one) I pray redresse our wrong,
They that haue done it, vnto you belong :
Of all that ere we had we are bereft,
Except our very Shirts, ther's nothing left.
The Captaine answer'd thus ; Fellowes heare mee,
My Souldiars rob'd you not I plainly see :
At your first speech you made me somewhat sad,
But your last words resolu'd the doubt I had :

B.

For

Doctor Merry-man : or

For they which rifled you, left Shir ts (you say)
And I am sure, mine carry all away:
By this I know an errour you are in,
My Souldiers would haue left you but your skin.

O Ne dying left three Sonnes,
Whome he aduise did giue,
Of what profession to make choyce,
Whereby they best might liue.
Vnto the first he sayd,
Last will be good for thee,
I know as long as there be men,
Some wranglers still will bee.
The second he did wish
A Cannons life to choose,
For when that others weepe and mourne,
Why thou shalt singing vse.
And to the third he sayd,
Physike for thee is fit,
For Earth will smother all the faults
Physitians doe commit.

A N old stale Widdower, quite past the best,
That had nothing about him in request,
Sauc onely that he carried in his Purse,
Would haue a tender wench to be his Nurse :
His Sight was dimme, his Teeth were rotted out :
His Hands had Palsie, and his Legges the Gout :
Yet he would wench it with a dainty Mayde ;
Whose beauties pride in all the Parish swaide ;
And had her eequall hardly to be seene,
A tender young one, much about fiftene :

This

Nothing but Mirth.

This Gallant to her did a suter goe,
With much adoe his Legges did plague him so
Yet with his Staffe a pretty shifte he made :
So told her, *Cupid* had the villaine playde
With his poore heart, t'was wounded for her sake
And she must needes the healing plaster make,
The Mayde beheld him with a loathing eye,
And for his quicke dispatch, made quicke reply.
Kind Sir (quoth she) your sute in Loue withdraw,
You shall not thatch my new House with old Straw.

A Gentleman a curious building fram'd,
A House like those, that are from Founders nam'd,
The worke-men had inlarg'd their Art thercon,
Composing it a curious heape of Stone :
Beeing perfect finished as't ought to bee,
The Founder brought his Friend the same to see,
Demanding how he lik'd that House of his ?
Why well (quoth he,) onely one fault's amisse,
And that me thinkes disgraceth all the rest ;
Your Kitchin is too little, I protest.
Oh sir (quoth he) in that you doe mistake,
A reason for the same I will you make :
Of purpose I contriu'd the Kitchin small,
To hauemy House the bigger therewithall:

A Barber and a Mower did contend,
With much adoe before their strife could end ;
About the Priuiledge that each did claime,
And thus the Barber did his reasons frame :
Sir, I am head of all the Trades that bee,
For Kings must sit bargeheaded vnto mee,

Doctor Merry-man : or

The greatest Monarch that on earth we finde,
Puts off to me : *Mower*, you come behind.
Th'other reply'd, *Barber*, in vaine you iarre,
I haue a Pribiledge exceeds you farre ;
For when by me the Grafte with Sith is shorne,
Or that my Sickle cutteth downe the Corne,
Vpon the stumpes I boldly can vntrusse :
What *Barber* on his worke, that dare doe thus ?

AN humorous phantaſtieke Aſſe,
Whose Wit and Wealth were ſpent,
Did in all companies he came,
Boaſt of his great diſcent :
And all the Gentlemen he knew,
Vnto his Blood were base ;
For he could proue from Noe's great Flood,
His ſtocke of royll race,
Pray Sir (quoth one) take no more paines,
In this ſame worthy thing,
For it is moſt apparant plaine,
From what old Houſe you ſpring :
You may iuft proue your Pedigree,
From Noah vnto thiſ hower,
Your Anceſtors good Maſons were,
That wrought on Babell Tower,
And were I, as your Worſhip is,
In ſpite of Bricklayers Hall,
I would giue Trowell in mine Armes,
A Ladder, Tray and all.

Gentlemen that approach about my Stall,
To moſt rare Phisick I invite you all :
Come neare, and harken what I haue to ſell,

And

Nothing but Mirth.

And deale with me all those that are ~~not~~ well.
In this same Boxe, I haue such pretious stuffe,
To giue it prayse, I haue not words enuffe :
If any humour in your Braines be crept,
Ie fetch it out as if your Head were swapt.
Almost through *Europe* I haue showne my face :
Behold this Salue (I doe not vse to lie)
Whole Hospitals there haue been curde thereby :
I doe not stand heere like a tottar'd flaue,
My Velvet, and my Chaine of gold I haue,
Which cannot be maintained by mens lookes :
Friends, all your Towne is hardly worth my Bookes :
There stands my Coach and Horses, tis mine owne :
From hence to *Turkie*, is my credit knowne :
In sooth I can not boast as many will,
Let nothing speake for me but onely skill.
See you that thing like Ging er-bread lies there,
My tongue cannot expresse to any care
The sundry vertues that it doth containe,
Or number halfe the Wormes that it hath slaine.
If in your bellies there be Crawlers bred,
In multitudes like hayres vpon your head,
Within some howers space, or there about,
At all the holes you haue, Ile fetch them out,
And ferret them before that I haue done,
Euen like the Hare that foorth the bush doth run.
Heere is a wond'rous Water for the Eye,
This for the Stomacke : Maisters will you buy ?
When I am gone, you will repent too late,
And then (like fooles) among your scules will prate,
Oh that we had that famous man againe,
When I shall be supply'd in *France* or *Spaine* :
Now for a Seter you a Box shall haue,

B 3.

That

Doctor Merry-man 20

That will the liues of halfe a dozen saue,
My man is come, and in mine care he sayes,
At home for me, at least an hundred stayes,
All Gentlemen; yet for your good (you see)
I make them tarry, and attred for mee.
If that you haue no money let me know,
Phisicke of Almes vpon you Ile bestow.
What Doctor in the world can offer more?
Such arrant Clownes I never saw before:
Heere you doe stand like Owles and gaze on mee,
But not a penny from you I can see.
A man shall come to doe such Dunces good,
And cannot have his meaning ynderstood?
To talke to sencelesse people is in vaine,
Ile see you hang'd ere Ile come heere againe:
Be all diseas'd as bad as Horses be,
And die in Ditches like to Dogges, for me:
An Old-wiues medecine; Parly, Time, and Sage,
Will serue such Buffards in this scuruy age:
Goosegrease and Fennell, with a few Dog-dates,
Is excellent for such baselowrie mates:
Farewell, some Hempton Halter be the charme,
To stretch your necks as long as is mine Arme.

Onne came to court a Wench which was precise,
And by the Spirit, did the Flesh despise:
Moouing a secret match betwene them two;
But she in sooth and sadnesse would not doe:
Hedid reply, So sweet a fayre as she,
(Made of the stoffe as all faire women be,) Ought by the law of Nature to be kinde,
And shew her selfe to beare a womans minde.

Well

Nothing but Mirr.

Well Sir (quoth she) you men doe much preuaile
With euanning speaches and a pleasant tale ;
Tis but a folly to be ouer-nice ;
You shall but twenty Shillings is my price,
A brace of Angels if you will bestow,
Come such a time, and I am for you , so.
Well, he tooke leaue, and with her Husband met;
Told him by bond he was to pay a debt :
Intreating him to doe so good a deed,
As lend him twenty Shillings at his need :
Which very kind he present did exten,
And th'other willing on his Wife did spend :
So taking leaue with her, he goes his wayes,
Meeting his Creditor within few dayes,
And told him, Sir, I was at home to pay
The Twenty Shillings which you lent last day,
And with your wife (because you were not there)
I left it; pray you with my boldnesse beare.
Tis well (quoth he) I'me glad I did you pleasure
So comming home, questions his wife at leasure ;
I pray (sweet heart) was such a man with thee
To pay two Angels, which he had of mee ?
She blusht, and sayd; He hath been heere indeed ;
But you did ill to lend : Husband take heed,
The falsehood of the world you do not spie,
It is not good to trust, before we trie :
Pray lend no more, for it may breed much strife,
To haue such Knaues come home to pay your Wife.

A Crew of Foxes all on theeuing set,
Together at a Country Hen-roost met,
Where the poore Poultry went to grieuous wracke;

Fox

Doktor Merry-man: or

For there they feasted till their guts did cracke,
Having well sup'd, ready to goe away,
Without demaunding what they had to pay?
Sayers one unto the rest: Friends harke to me,
Lets poyn特 where our next meeting place shal be,
With a good-will (sayers one aboue the rest)
At such a Farmer's house, his Lambes be best.
Nay (quoth a nother) I doe know a Clowne,
Hath evn the fatest Geese in all the Towne,
Well Maisters (sayd a graue and auncient Fox,
Had been the death of many Hens and Coxes,)
The furest place to meet that I can tell,
Will be the Skinners shop: and so farewell.

A Shepheard that a carefull eye did keepe
Vnto the safety of his grasing Sheepe,
Perceiu'd a Woolfe thorow the hedge to pry,
Sirra (quoth hee pray what make you so nice?)
Why (sayers the Woolfe) thou seest I doe no ill,
Thy flocke is farre enough vpon the Hill.
What Justice now adayes these people lackes,
The Crowes ride boldly on thy Cattels backes,
And not a word thou sayest to them at all,
Yet but for looking on, with me dost brawll?
The Prouerb's true, for now I find it well,
Which oncc I heard an ancient old Woolfe tell:
Hee that vpon a bad ill name doth light,
Is even halfe hang'd, as good be hang'd out-right.
And I my selfe by prooфе can now alledge,
Some better steale, then some looke ore the Hedge.

The

Nothing but Mirth.

THe Diuell did complaine he was not well,
And would goe take some Phisicke out of Hell :
To England, France, and Spaine, with speed he got,
Where all refus'd him, he did burne so hot.

In hast he then to Germanie did hie,
The cunning of a Quack-saluer to trie ;
Where in a Market-place vpon a Stage,
He found a Fellow could all Griefes alswage.
Doctor (quoth he) I want some of thy skill,
For I doe find I am exceeding ill :
And any thing for ease I will indure ;
What, wilt thou vndertake my paine to cure ?
If thou canst ease the Maladie I haue,
Thou shalt haue Gold eu'en what thy selfe wilt craue.
Gentleman (saide this Doctor to the Diuell)
Vpon my life Ile rid you of your euill ;
Make vnto me those Griefes you haue, but knowne,
And with the curing them, let me alone.
Why Sir (quoth he) my Head with Hornes doth ake,
My Braines doth Brimstone-like Tobacco take,
My Eyes are full of euer-burning Fire,
My Tongue a drop of Water doth desire ;
A bout my Heart doth crawling Serpents creepe,
And I can neither eat, nor drinke, nor sleepe :
There's no Diseases whatsoe're they bee,
But I haue all of them impos'd on mee.
All Torments that the tongue of man can name,
Within, without, in a continuall flame.
Quoth the Quack-saluer, Sir, Ile vnder take
A sound man of you in a month to make :
Wilt please your worship, shew me where you dwell ?
Marry (quoth he) my Chamber is in Hell :
Thy charges in the lourney I will beare,

C.

And

Doctor Merry-man: or

And Ie preferre thee to the Diuell there :
With speed get vp, Ie take thee on my backe,
The World may spare you, and in Hell we lacke.

A Bishop met two Priestes vpon the way,
And did salutre them with the time of day:
Good morrow Clerkes vnto you both (quoth he,) .
Sir, (they reply'd) no Clerkes, but Priestes are we.
Why (quoth the Bishop) then I will consent
Vnto the title of your owne content :
Sith you deny to carry Scholers markes,
Good morrow to you Priestes that are no Clerkes.

On climbing of a Tree, by hap
Fell downe and brake his Arme,
And did complaine vnto a friend
Of his vnlucky harme.
Would I had counsayld you before,
(Quoth he to whome he spake)
I know a tricke for Climbers, that
They never hurt shall take.
Neighbour (sayd he) I haue a Sonne,
And he doth wist to climbe,
Pray let me know the same for him,
Against an other time?
Why thus (quoth he) Let any man
That liues climbenere so hie,
And make no more hast downe, then vp,
No harme can come thereby.

An aged Gentleman sore sick did lie,
Expecting life that could not choose but die:
His Foolc came to him, and intreated thus,

Good

Nothing but Mirth.

Good Maister, ere you goe away from vs,
Beslow on *Jacke* (that oft hath made you laffe)
Against he waxeth old, your Walking-staffe,
I will (quoth he) goe take it, there it is :
But on condition *Jacke*, which shall be this :
If thou doe meet with any while thou liue,
More Foole then thou, the Sasse thou shalt him gine.
Maister (sayd he) vpon my life I will ;
But I doe hope that I shall keepe it still.
When death drew neare, and faintnesse did proceed,
His Maister calles for a Diuine with speed,
For to prepare him vnto Heauens way.
The Foole startes vp, and hastily doth say,
Oh Maister, maister, take your staffe againe,
That proues your selfe the most Foole of vs twaine :
Have you liu'd now some foure-score yeares and syde,
And all thistime are vnpread for God ?
What greater Foole can any meete withal,
Then one that's ready in the grave to fall,
And is to seeke about his Soules estate,
When Death is openinge the prison gate ?
Beare witnesse friends that I discharge me plaint,
Heers Maister heere, receiuе your Staffe againe :
Vpon the same condition I did take it,
According as you will'd me, I forsake it :
And ouer and aboue, I will beslow
This Epitaph, which shall your folly shew.
*Here lies a man, at death did Heaven scame,
But in his life, he never sought the same.*

A Simple Clowne in Flanders,
As he travayling had binne.
Having his Wife in company,

Doctor Merry-man : or

Came late vnto his lane,
A Spanish Souldier being there,
A Guest vnto the place :
No sooner saw, but like'd his wife,
(She had a comely face)
And watch'd when they were gon to bed,
Then boldly in comes hee,
And never sayd, friends by your leaue,
But made their number three,
The clowne lay still and felt a stirre,
Yet durst not speake for's life?
At length his patience was so mou'd
He softly logg'd his wife,
And said to her ; prethee intreat
The Spaniard to be still
Can I please Spanish (man quoth she)
You know I haue no skill ?
But Husband if y^e ou please to rise,
And for the Sextonge .
Hie understandeth Spanish well
Assuredly I know .
Fayth and Ile fetch him straight (quoth he :)
And so the Rusticke rose,
And softly sneaking out of doores,
About his message goes .
Meane time imagine what you will,
To mee it is vnknowne :
But ere her Husband came againe,
The Spaniard he was gone .
Which when the simple foole perceiud ,
Hecfell to domineere :
Oh wife, (said he for twentie pound)
I would I had him here .

Tell

Nothing but Mirth.

Tell me (sweet heart, when I was gone)
How long the Knaue did stay?
(Quoth she) you scarce were out of doores,
Before he ran away.
Wife (quoth the Clowne) thou mad'st me laugh,
That I did feare him thus :
Come let vs take a little nap,
For his disturbing vs.
You see what comes of politicie,
And good discretion (wife,)
If I had beeene a hastic Fooke,
It might haue cost my life.

I Am a professed Curtizan,
That liue by peoples sinne :
With halfe a dozen Puscks, I keope,
I haue good commings in :
Such store of Traders haunt my house,
To find a lusty Wench,
That twenty Gallants in a weeke,
Does entertaine the French.
Your Courtier and your Cittizen,
Your very rusticke Clowns,
Will spend an Angell on the Pox,
Euen ready money downe.
I strive to live most Lady-like,
And scorne those foolish Queanes,
That doe not rattle in their Silkes,
And yet haue able meanes.
I haue my Coach, as if I were
A Countesse, I protest,
I haue my dainty Musicks player,
When I would take my rest.

C.B.

Hans.

Doctor Merry-man : or

I haue my seruing men to waite
Vpon me in Blew-coates :
I haue my Oares that attend
My pleasure with their Boates :
I haue my Champions that will fight,
My Louers that doe fawne :
I haue my Hatte, my Hood, my Maske,
My Fanne, my Cobweb Lawne.
To giue my Gloues vnto a Gull,
Is mighty fauour found,
When for the wearing of the same,
It costes them twenty pound.
My Garter is a gracious thing,
Another takes away,
And for the same, a silken Gowne
The Prodigall doth pay.
Then comes an Affe, and he forsooth,
Is in such longing heate,
My Busk-poynt cuen on his knees,
With teares he doth intreat,
I graunt it to reioyce the man,
And then request a thing,
Which is both Gold, and Precious Stone,
The Woodcocks Diamond ring.
Another lowly minded Youth,
Forsooth my Shoec-string craves,
And that he putteth through his care,
Calling the rest, base slaves.
Thus sit I Fooles in humors still,
That come to me for game,
I punish them for Venerie,
Leauing their Purfes lame,
In New-gate some take lodgynge vp.

Till

Nothing but Mirth.

Till they to Tiburne ride ;
And others walke to Wood-street, with
A Sergeant by his side.
Some goe to Hounds-ditch with their Cloathes,
To pawne for money lending.
And some I send to Surgens shops,
Because they lacke some meading.
Others passe ragged vp and downe,
All totter'd, rent, and torn'e,
But being in that scurie case,
Their companies I scorne :
For if they come and fawne on me,
There's nothing to be got ;
As soone as ere my Marchants breake,
I sweare I know them not.
No entertainment, nor a looke,
That they shall get of me,
If once I doe begin perciuo,
That out of Cash they bee:
All kindnesses that I professe,
The fayrest shewes I make,
Is loue of all that comes to me,
For Gold and Silvers sake.
To forward men I forward am,
Most franke vnto the free,
But such as take their Wares on trust,
Are not to deale with mee.
The world is hard, all things are daare,
Good-fellowship decayes :
And every one seekes profit now,
In these fame hungry dayes :
Although my trade in secret be,
Vnlawfull to be knowne,

Xxx

Dale for Merry-man; or

Yet will I make the best I can,
Of that which is mine owne;
For seeing I doe venter faire,
At price of whipping cheare,
I haue no reason but to make
My Customers pay deare :
Our charge beside, is very great,
To keepe vs fine and beaute,
A Whore that goes not gallantly,
Shall little doings haue :
Therefore all things consider'd well,
Our charges and our danger,
A dayly Friend shall pay as much,
As any Tearme-time Stranger.

A Rich man and a Poore did both appear
Before a Judge, an iniurie to cleare ;
The Rich did tell a tale most tedious long,
Mending (as he suppos'd) with words the wrong,
And euer when the poore man would haue spoke,
With bold out-facing speech he did him choake :
The wofull wight at length could beare no longer,
But boldly rais'd his voyce both loude and stronger :
My Lord (quoth he) pray now bid *Dives* stay :
And heare but what poore Lazarus can say,
My Oxen came in his Field, which he doth keepe,
And swares for that he'lle pay me with a Sheepe.

FINIS.

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